Wrath

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Wrath

by ElizaD

Summary

Part two of the seven deadly sins series.

After a spectacular tantrum Hannibal finds a healthier way for Will to express his anger. It is glorious.

Can be read as a stand alone.

Notes

Part two of the seven deadly sins series. Please enjoy as I had a great time writing this. I did consider having this be Will discovering that Hannibal is the ripper but I have a few ideas for fic based on that and I wanted this to be different.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will is even more agitated than usual when he arrives for his Friday evening session, he almost rips his coat off himself and ignores his usual chair completely. He paces the room, darting from books to statues, occasionally dropping onto the low therapy couch before bouncing back up again, incapable of settling or focusing. He doesn't speak, just keeps moving, breathing heavily. His hands run through his hair, messing it up further and tug at his clothes as though they prick and constrict him. Sweat beads on his forehead as he gnaws on his lips leaving them swollen and red, nails bitten and jaggard.

Hannibal stays silent, watching him. He cocks his head curiously when he realises that Will is not getting any calmer but is instead moving faster, becoming more frenzied and more worked up. He inhales deeply, eyes hooded and dark, he has spent time memorising the different scents of Will's emotions but the smell that fills the air now is one he has only caught hints of in the past. Buried under fear and conflict, trapped behind strong forts in his tangled mind. It is hot, a raging inferno, the scent of a forest fire that destroys everything in its path. Wrath. Will is on fire with it, furious. His skin is flushed with it and he is on the edge of combusting, a spark away from exploding. Lovely.

"Were you invited to a crime scene today Will?" he asked calmly, as if he does not already know the answer.

"Invited? Jack pulled me out of the middle of a lecture, again," he snapped. "He's gonna stop me from teaching. Alana can't cover all my lectures, the academy is going to have to replace me so I can do this instead. Bastard."

"Do you like teaching?" He asks.

"More than I like strolling through killers minds," he barked before letting out a long breath, pushing the anger down. "I like teaching, it's simple. Talking to, at, students, there's a fourth wall that separates us. It's easy."

"This separation protects you."

"Yes," he answers and forces himself into his usual chair.

“You seem distressed,” he stated, prompting him to continue.

“The crime scene today was… particularly unpleasant,” he answers. “Seven children, the eldest was twelve and the youngest eight,” his voice was distant, tortured.

“You have seen such things before,” Hannibal pointed out. “Why was this one so affecting?”

“It wasn’t,” Will answered, leaping back to his feet to resume his pacing. “I don’t want to force myself to look anymore. I shouldn’t have to do this!”

“You don’t, quit,” Hannibal suggested simply.

“I save lives.”

“Is that still enough?”

“It should be, it was,” WIll muttered darkly, tugging on his hair.

“What has changed? Does saving lives no longer feel good?” Hannibal asked, his genuine curiosity hidden behind his person suit.

“It doesn’t feel like anything!” Will was on the verge of shouting now. “Everything feels like pain, all the time! There is no quiet, voices chasing round and round my head all the time, I can’t rest, I can’t hear myself.”

“Who do you hear?”

“Everyone else!” He roared. “Jack, Zeller, Price, Alana, Garret Jacob Hobbs. Tobias Budge, my head has no space in it for anything else and then there’s another crime scene and another and why does it have to be me?”

“Who else can empathise in the way you can? How many more girls would Garret Jacobs Hobbs have killed had you not found him?” He asked. Will shook his head as though desperate not to hear. “Who will save the children if not you?”

“How about Jack does his own job? He is the guru after all, the students think he’s a God, let him do the work!” He shouted, scratching at his forearms. Hannibal moved closer, concerned about Will’s increasingly violent movements.

“Yet you come when he calls.”

“I don’t have a choice!”

“You have always had a choice, Will. From the first day Jack Crawford brought you in to consult you have had that choice. And though you now complain about the unpleasant aspects of your job and the abuse you face you still have not quit,” he said, his voice holding a harder edge than usual.

“I’m not being abused,” he argued, upper lip twisting in distaste.

“I disagree,” Hannibal countered. “The work you do is causing constant suffering, which you ignore and you are being pulled out of a job you find comforting and dragged out to look at horrors that make themselves a home in your mind against your will. You may allow this abuse but that does not change the fact that it is abuse. Do you want to quit?”

“I don’t know!” Will screamed.

“Yes you do,” Hannibal stood perfectly still as Will began to shake apart.

“I don’t!”

“Stop whining.”

“You are supposed to help me,” he pleaded desperately.

“You are supposed to help Jack,” the smell increased, spurred on by his calm voice. Hannibal held himself still, anticipation rising. Wind him up and watch him go, he pushed further. “Is that not why you agreed to let him borrow your imagination?”

“He didn’t borrow my mind, he took it and exploited it!” He was genuinely shouting now voice strained with the effort. “I can’t think of anything but blood and death, I go to sleep in blood soaked sheets and wake up next to bodies!” He slammed his body backwards, slamming hard into the sturdy bookshelves, no doubt causing bruises to bloom on his pale flesh. The burning rage swelled up like lave and exploded in a stream of rage.

“And you blame Jack,” his deep voice breathless with excitement.

“Yes I blame Jack. I blame him and I blame Alana for referring me to you instead of declaring me unfit for the field herself. I blame Zeller and Price and Beverley for being able to see it all over and over again and live. I blame the students who are desperate to become Jack but are more likely to become Miriam Lass. I blame Hobbs and I blame whoever is killing now. I blame my Father. I blame the Chesapeake Ripper for making it so…”

“Horrifying?”

“Beautiful,” he croaked out, eye shut against shame. ”It’s not fair! He isn’t my responsibility, he shouldn’t be mine!” Hannibal watched Will with a stoic expression. He was stunning like this. Vibrating from the inside out, his skin damp with sweat and voice fraying from being raised for the first time in maybe years. The smell was the most mouth-watering he had ever encountered as Will was swept along in the currant of fury, thrown over the waterfall to the rocks below as the crashing water held him under. He was drowning in rage, desperate for a

lifeline but afraid to grab for a branch in case it turned out to be a snake. “It’s not fair!” He shrieked loudly, grabbing a fistful of hair in one hand and clawing at his throat with the other, bright red welts appearing on the vulnerable flesh there.

Hannibal stepped forward and firmly took hold of Will’s wrist before he broke the skin. He tightened his grip when Will tried to yank away. “Get off!” He screamed, the sharp acidic scent of panic mixing with his anger. “Let go of me!" He lashed out, his free hand curled into a fist but it was a blind unguided attempt and Hannibal caught that wrist too. He crossed WIll arms and pulled him in close, Will’s back to his chest, arms locked in place by Hannnibal’s hands as he thrashed and screamed in frustration, fighting for freedom. Hannibal’s grip did not lessen for a second, he let Will squirm, probably wrinkling his suit as he prevented Will from further harming himself. “It’s not fair!” Will screamed again, dissolving into a full blown glorious tantrum. “I hate them! I hate them! I hate them! They took everything. I hate them!”

“Who, Will?” He whispered, lips pressed to Will’s ear. “Tell me who took from you.”

“I hate everyone. Everyone needs and wants and takes!” He shrieked. “I was thirteen!” He raged in despair, biting on his lower lip and shaking his head. His words dissolved into wild animalist howls mixed with pleas for freedom and a garbled mix of Louisian Creole, broken and rusty, unpractised since childhood. Long buried secrets spilled forth in fragments and Hannibal tucked every sound and sob away to be explored later. “I don’t want it. I don’t want this life, I hate it!”

As he thrashed and kicked wildly, Hannibal stood firm, holding him fiercely and memorising every broken word and glutting himself on the taste of Will’s anger. It surrounded them both, filling the air and blocking out everything else. Words filled Hannibal’s mouth until he had to fight them back. One day. One day this burning bright anger would be directed at him. Will would see him, who he truly was and Hannibal knew his betrayal would sting something fierce. He hid his small smile against Will’s soft curls. As beautiful as this breakdown was, his rage was at the world, Jack, his own mind. It was not for Hannibal but he would have one of his own, his reckoning and Will’s becoming.

Will’s rage slowly consumed itself, blazing into nothingness until he was whimpering softly, slumped against Hannibal’s chest still struggling weakly. “Please, please let me go,” he begged weakly. Hannibal gently released his wrists, not stepping back until Will had unfolded his arms and was no longer resting his weight on Hannibal. Hannibal brought a comforting hand to Will’s shoulder but he stepped away, moving to the window still

trembling. “I need air, can’t breath,” he gasped, fumbling at the window latch, unable to work it with his hands shaking.

Hannibal reached around him and slid the window open. He stayed closed, within rage of Will’s heated body, close enough to hear his hammering heartbeat as he gulped in winter air, snow landing on his hair. Will drew back, into the warmth, brushing against Hannibal’s broad chest as he reached past Will to close the window. “Do you feel less angry now?” He asked.

“I feel exhausted,” he replied softly.

“Sit down please,” Hannibal requested, stepping away. “I realise that some of my comments may have seemed rather cruel in the moment,” he said, moving to a discreet miniature fridge and removing a bottle of water which he gave to Will. “I doubt you need me to explain why.”

“You were trying to push me into snapping,” Will accused before taking several long gulps of water.

“Suppressed anger can be deeply poisonous,” Hannibal explained. Will nodded, looking down as Hannibal went to his desk drawer, returning with a small container of cooling cream. He knelt down in front of Will and gently took a hand in his, light bruises and friction burns decorated his wrist. Hannibal’s touch was feather light as he tenderly applied the cream to the damaged skin. His mark on Will was a wonder to see but he wanted to leave them in a different way, in a different place. When he won Will, and he would, his boy would beg for his marks and wear them with pride. Not a day would go by that Will’s body was free of bruises and teeth marks, his willowy body a perfect canvas. He focused on Will’s hands as the silence stretched on, not uncomfortable or tense but the cleansed, clean quiet after a thunderstorm.

“Don’t ask me,” Will said quietly. Hannibal paused and looked up, Will’s eyes were closed, denying him contact. “I- I was confused, d-didn’t know what I was saying,” the words came out harshly, choked out lies that were fragile and brittle. Hannibal’s eyes went back to his task, quietly continuing.

“Thirteen,” he eventually commented without inflection, face passive.

“Please,” Will meet his eyes reluctantly, lashes wet. “Don’t,” his voice was small and wavering. Hannibal nodded his agreement.

“Another time,” he said mildly. Will swallowed heavily but stayed silent. Finishing up, Hannibal returned the jar to its place and took his own seat, watching Will intently. “Is there something you would like to discuss?” He asked pleasantly. “Your Father, the ripper?” Will shook his head resolutely.

“I don’t hate everyone,” he answered eventually.

“There are many people you haven’t met, and then there is your pack, of course.” Hannibal answered, deliberately being difficult. Wil stayed still, gathering his strength.

“I don’t hate you,” he clarified.

“I am pleased,” Hannibal answered honestly. “You trust me not to take from you.”

“I don’t know what it is that you want,” he said slowly.

“You assume that I want something?”

“Everyone does,” he met Hannibal’s steady gaze. “What do you want?”

“I only want to help you Will,” he answered. “I am your friend,” Will’s chuckle was humourless as examined his wrists. “I would rather bruise you myself than allow you to continue to tear at yourself,” Will’s hand moved to the red skin on his throat self-consciously.

“You are unwilling to discuss any specifics of what you said,” Will nodded, looking down. “Then perhaps it would be beneficial for us to discuss your anger in general.”

“I don’t have an anger problem,” Will said quietly.

“Yet you threw an impressive tantrum in which you tore at yourself and then tried to attack me.”

“I did?” Will asked, looking down again.

“I do not believe that you have an anger problem, Will. However you may have trouble with expressing that anger.”he said calmly. “You are very skilled at building forts within your mind.”

“My forts don’t feel very strong right now,” Will admitted.

“Because you are building them in the wrong place. You allow serial killers to slip past while suffocating your own voice and your own emotions,” he explained. “Eventually your anger smashes through these walls like magma in a magnificent eruption and causes devastation.”

“Do I need stronger forts or a more healthy outlet Doctor Lecter?” Will asked, cocking his head.

“Both.” Hanniband answered before moving to stand. “Our hour is up, will you join me for dinner?” The question was pointless but polite, Will had long stopped saying no.

“Yes. Thank you,” he answered and Hannibal smiled.

“I have a bottle of mead I have yet to open, the honey would be beneficial to your strained throat. Also it is very sweet. Have you ever tried it?” He asked, leading Will from his home office to the kitchen.

“No, I don’t think I’ve ever had the opportunity,” he answered.

“It is not as popular as it once was but I believe it will suit your tastes.”

“Did you brew that yourself too?” He asked, slightly playful but mostly serious.

“No. Although if your heart is set on having something of my own creation I believe I have a couple of bottled beers left,” he teased.

“Mead sounds good,” Will answered. Dinner passed pleasantly and Will’s anger slunk back to its cell.

Hannibal was waiting the following Tuesday when Will’s last class emptied out. “Good afternoon, Will,” he said happily.

“Please don’t say Jack sent you,” he said with a groan.

“No, as far as I know since the ‘kiddie catcher’ was caught himself there has been nothing worthy of your attention,” he answered, barely able to keep from rolling his eyes at what Freddie Louds and named the latest psychopath. “I was hoping we could continue our conversation about anger and healthy expression. Please come with me,” he raised a pale eyebrow, a smile playing on his lips.

“Where?” Will asked cautiously.

“Come with me and find out,” Hannibal challenged. “You are curious,” he accused, leaning in close. Will wavered for a moment. “Please,” Hannibal added sweetly. Will nodded, chest warming when Hannibal smiled fondly. “Good boy.”

Will started when Wagner’s Ride Of The Valkyries came from the car's speakers. “Not your usual taste,” he observed.

“It seemed fitting for today’s session,” he answered cheerily.

“You’re in high spirits today, Doctor Lecter,” he turned to face Hannibal’s profile, a smile coming to his own face.

“Yes, I am,” he confessed but did not elaborate and the rest of the drive was spent in companionable silence apart from Hannibal occasionally humming along with the music, a new habit that Will found… the only word for it was adorable.

After a while the Bentley turned onto a secluded dirt track lined by trees. As they travelled the cover of trees became thicker, shrouding the car in darkness. “Where are we going?” Will pressed. Hannibal only smiled as the track finally finished and the trees fell away to reveal what used to be a house. Now it was missing a roof and several walls, almost every window pane cracked if not completely shattered.

“We are here,” he announced, getting out of the car. Will peered out of the window in confusion until Hannibal opened the passenger door.

“And where is here?” He asked, stepping out onto the snow dusted ground.

“This is a property I recently acquired. As you can see the house itself is fit for nothing but demolition but the land itself is ideal,” he said, taking two large bags from the car and handing the smaller one to Will.

“Ideal for what?” Will asked.

“At times I find the city too crowded and loud so I decided a second home on the outskirts would be a wise investment. The ground is due to be levelled in preparation for the building of an inhabitable cottage in a week but while it is still here it can serve another purpose,” he strode into the structure with Will behind him. A large table was already set up in the main room, loaded with cups, glasses and plates.

Hannibal dropped his own duffle bag heavily in the doorway and unzipped the smaller one in Will's hands. He pulled out two pairs of plastic goggles, handing one pair to Will and attaching his own. "This is some kind of therapy, right?" Hannibal nodded, but did not answer, examining an elegant champagne flute before taking in his hand and flinging it into the opposite wall where it shattered loudly, fragments of glass littering the floor and reflecting the bright winter sun like crystals. His mouth curled up in satisfaction and he turned to Will, an arm held out towards the table in invitation. "You're kidding," Will said with scorn.

"Not at all," Hannibal replied.

"Seems a little obvious," he observed, moving closer to the display.

"Is that a bad thing?" He asked. "Try it," he urged. Shrugging, Will selected a random saucer and threw it into the wall with little enthusiasm, not reacting when it exploded into shards. He looked at Hannibal, unimpressed, the same expression looked back at him.

Sighing softly Hannibal moved towards the table, looking over the display before selecting a delicate teacup in cerulean blue with dark swirls along the rim. He placed the cup in Will's hand and moved to stand behind him, close enough for his breath to disturb Will's dark curls. "Close your eyes," he instructed softly. One large hand settled on the centre of Will's back, turning him to face the wall. "You were thirteen," he repeated, voice low and dark.

"Don't," a whisper, but firm.

"Hush," he moved closer, arm sliding along to rest on Will's tensed arm. "Your power was taken when you were too weak to resist," the scent of anger began to rise.

"You are trying to rile me," he growled quietly.

"That is not what is important right now," he purred, speaking into Will's ear.

“I disagree,” Will said, grip on the cup tightening.

“No. What is important now is reclaiming what was taken,” he coaxed, softly. “Your power. Shatter the teacup. Show me your power,” he spoke directly into Will’s ear, stroking the length of his arm. Will drew back his arm and launched the delicate china into the faded gaudy wallpaper opposite, watching it connect and break into tiny pieces, too many to ever be brought back together again. He felt anger rise in him and an urge to do it again. “Did that feel good?”

“Yes.”

“Powerful?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want more?”

Will’s head turned just an inch, breath catching when he realised how close he was to Hannibal’s handsome face. “Yes,” He breathed, unsure what he was saying yes to but yes, he wanted more. A slow smile spread over Hannibal’s lips as he stepped away gesturing to the table. “Continue.”

Will looked over the table, cup, glasses, plates, sauces. Not even one chipped item and all spotlessly clean in the dusty forgotten place. He picked up a heavy black plate, turning it over in his hands before standing facing the opposing wall, aware of Hannibal stood a few steps behind him and the cool air, grey clouds swirling above them threatening further snow. It wouldn’t be the first snow of the season but it had been reluctant and short bursts so far, hardly any had settled but a storm was due. He drew back his arm, holding the thick, ceramic disc in his hand for a long moment before throwing it with a bellow that surprised even him. The sound it made cracked through the air, loud and satisfying.

His carefully constructed inner forts broke with that plate and Will grabbed the nearest item, watching it smash then another and another, relishing the destruction. His anger was released into the open air as he screamed in rage and relief throwing anything he could lay his hands on, never wanting to stop. Images flashed through his head, crime scenes, killers, Jack, Hannibal, the ripper's displays, mutilated bodies, pictures of who they were before they became corpses, the scar on Abigail's neck, the raven stag, applauding students, they all blurred and caved in on one another until it was a blur and still the sounds of breaking crockery and Will's bellow went on. He distantly heard words, names and cries coming from him but none of it matter, he just kept throwing. He wanted more, he wanted to tear the remaining walls down, he could feel the rough bricks scraping his hands and saw blood leak from the cracks as he ripped apart the word and made himself whole.

Hannibal couldn't have spoken if he wanted to, Will was absolutely breathtaking in his wild abandon. Gone was the frightened boy, thrashing wildly against memories and clawing at himself, afraid of his own anger. Before him stood a radient demon prince of wrath, powerful and resplendent in his passion. He clenched his fists tightly to keep himself from moving, denying his urges in a way that felt forgien to him. He wanted to tackle Will to the ground, spill their blood on the floor and feel Will's fingers tear into him, wrap his hands around that lovely neck and squeeze. His boy was a killer and he would be glorious once unleashed upon the world to fill the night with the screams of the unworthy pigs of the world, spilling the guts of the scum of the earth onto the ground. A prince of wrath and angel of fury with Hannibal there to whisper in his ear, tease out his deepest wants and bathe in the beautiful devastation he would rain.

The burning scent of fire filled his lungs and nose, burning him from the inside out. He moaned when he heard Will's shouts mix with laughter and sobs. He could live in this moment, find nourishment in the stunning creature before him. His creature, finally turning to bite the hands that held him down, his true self breaking free.

When the table was empty he didn't stop, he began to kick and smash at the wood, turning it into kindling driven by his desire to wreck and hurt and dominate and revel in his power. When he ran out of things to destroy he turned to Hannibal with fire in his eyes. He waited, breathing heavy, liquid fire in his veins and desperately wanting more but in need of direction. His wrath was overwhelming him and he needed Hannibal to pull him back or give him a focus. Will burned, no longer aware of the freezing November winds as the snow began to fall, thick and fast. "What do you want?" Hannibal asked, voice hoarse.

"More," Will's voice was drenched in danger, snow settling in his curls, on his eyelashes, melting on his parted lips.

Hannibal turned his back to Will, bending to retrieve the sledgehammer from the bag on the floor. He felt Will move closer to him, stalking him, he tilted his head to the side baring his neck. Sharp teeth ghosted against it before stepping back, still so close and so vicious. Slowly he turned around and met Will's blazing eyes, his own were almost black. Wide pupils ringed with blood red, a reaction to the lust and danger that hung in the air. Hannibal had intended to participate but found himself longing to observe Will's every movement. The feral, hungry beast waited for his guidance. He pressed the heavy tool into Will's hand, watching his calloused hands wrap around the wooden handle, feeling Will's eyes follow him as he stepped away revealing the neighbouring room, still lined with dirty wooden cabinets and a mould-covered counter. "Let go."

With a long feral groan, Will put his whole body in the swing, the corner cabinet breaking to pieces instantly and the counter buckling under his strength. He brought the sledgehammer down again and again until the heavy counter gave way, plummeting to the damp floor. The linoleum floor was slippery with snow and dust flew into the air with each swing leaving Will filthy with greying snow and dirt. He demolished the fixtures and continued swinging, slamming his hammer into the half wall separating the two rooms and attacking the walls like a wild animal, screaming and roaring with abandon.

Names filled the air mixed with screams of "I hate you!" Hannibal recognised some, smiling when he raged against Jack and his treatment. There were other names he had never heard before, he made a note of them in his memory palace, he would find each and everyone and decide on their fate. Will gave no explanation for what they had done to earn his wrath but Hannibal found himself caring very little about what they had done specifically. Pain was etched in the words, wrapped around the words and it stoked his own rage, he wanted to rip apart every single one of them. Will was his and he would grind those who would hard him into dust.

The light was low and the sun almost completely set when the hammer fell to the floor with a thump, crashing through nearly a foot of snow. Will turned his face up into the thick flurry, stood still in the remains of the house, now little more than a couple of walls and a lot of broken furniture. He stripped off his coat and walked past Hannibal to a mirror that had somehow avoided the carnage. Hannibal stood behind him, watching Will examine himself in the mirror, as he wrapped the coat around his hands and punched his reflection, over and over again smiling joyfully as the mirror fell to the floor in pieces. Once he was done he brushed away the shards caught on his coat and pulled it back on before moving to stand before the trees at the back of the property. His anger was smeared on every broken fragment of what had once been a home, many, many years ago but Will himself was a picture of serenity.

Hannibal approached him, heavy steps quieted by the snow. He came to a stop next to Will who turned his face towards him with a small smile. "How do you feel?" He asked softly.

“Purged. Jubilant,” he answered. “Thank you, for bringing me here.”

“You are welcome. I would like you to see it in the summer, once it is completed.”

“I would like that too,” he answered. His head tilted to the side. “I can hear water,” he said, peering through the trees.

“There is a stream right at the very edge of the land, I’m told it is very good for fly fishing,” he answered. Will’s smile grew slightly but he did not answer. Hannibal wondered how aware Will was of the fact that Hannibal had bought that property with him in mind. A secluded property far from the busy city, ample room for as many dogs as he wanted and a place to fish. A lair designed specifically for his monster.

He came to stand in front of Will bringing his hands up to cup his face. “You are frozen,” he said softly, frowning gently at the ugly green coat.

“You’ve never been ice fishing,” Will said with a free laugh. Hannibal laughed too.

“It will be dark soon, let me take you home,” Will nodded and turned to the car stopping when he felt his phone buzz.

“Damn, forgot I left in on silent,” he muttered when he saw the many missed calls.

“Hey Jack,” he said with an edge or irritation in his voice. Hannibal walked back to the building's remains to collect his materials but he could still hear Jack’s deep voice shouting details over the phone. “My phone was on silent for class,” Will gritted out. “Fine. I’m on my way… When I get there!” He ended the call and stuffed his phone back in his pocket with a heavy sigh.

Will came to meet Hannibal who was carrying the hammer back to the car. He stopped in front of him, jaw set hard and eyes swirling darkly, lit up and shining in the low light. Without a word he took the sledgehammer and walked back to one of the remaining walls. Without a word he swung the hammer, only a few inches away from smashing a hole clean through the wall. “Fuck you Jack Crawford,” he seethed before turning away and helping Hannibal to load the car.

One they were both in the car with the heating blaring, Hannibal turned to Will. “Home or crime scene?” Will rattled off an address in a flat voice. He reached forward to turn up the playlist of passionate, powerful music before turning to face the window.

The drive was slow, snow still falling fast, swirling in the wind. Will’s peacefulness ebbed away but the raging inferno did not return though there was a simmering annoyance radiating from him. A healthy level of anger and Hannibal smiled to himself, wondering if he should try to drive Will to the edge or wait to see if Jack would do it for him.

They drew up to a nice normal neighbourhood filled with flashing lights and gawking neighbours. The intimidating figure of Jack Crawford stood on the front porch, a face like thunder. “I don’t want to deal with him right now,” Will said.

“You don’t have to, you still have a choice,” Hannibal reminded him. Will reluctantly opened the car door but paused when Hannibal laid a hand on his arm. “No-one has the power to take anything from you, not even Jack Crawford,” Will eyes lit up with the gorgeous fire again and headed towards Jack, shoulder back and jaw set. Hannibal followed behind, excited to see how this would play out.

“Your answer your fucking phone when I call,” Jack barked.

“You don’t like it then find someone else,” Will challenged. “No? The clear the fucking crime scene and let me work,” he snapped with a sneer. Price and Zeller scurried away instantly at his tone and after a few seconds of gawking Jack ordered everyone else away, visibly holding back his own anger. Hannibal wanted to laugh but instead found himself a quiet spot to slip into his palace and build a room just for his Will to wreak over and over again.

My glorious wrathful boy.

End Notes

Kudus and comments bring me joy. Feedback and requests are always gratefully received so please let me know what you would like to see.

Next up is Greed.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!